

FADE IN:

INT. NIGHTCLUB/NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT

Small club with a mini-stage and mic set-up. Two dozen patrons drink and hit on each other.

RYAN GIBBS, mid-20's, sings a melancholy song. He wears a wrinkled polo shirt and worn out jeans he should have tossed years ago. Rarely smiles.

Ryan finishes to scattered APPLAUSE.

MELANIE BISHOP, mid 20's, walks up to him and they kiss. She's a bright, no-nonsense New Yorker.

Ryan grabs his tip jar and pulls out a hundred dollar bill, which he holds up to the PIANO PLAYER.

RYAN
Who gave me this?

The Piano Player points to a MALE FAN. Ryan moves to the Fan.

ACROSS THE ROOM

RYAN (CONT'D)
(holding the bill)
Hi. Thanks. I'm Ryan Gibbs.

The Male Fan shakes hands and gives Ryan his business card.

Ryan's eyes light up reading it.

RYAN (CONT'D)
You're a music producer?

MALE FAN
And always looking for new talent.
Give me a call.

The Male Fan winks and blows Ryan a kiss.

Ryan nods, backs into a table, apologizes to the table, then scoots over to

THE BAR

Ryan stands near CORY MENDENHALL, mid-20s, dressed in well--pressed jeans and designer T-shirt. Always filled with energy, smiling, and with a solution to everything.

Cory flirts with a BAR GIRL.

Ryan sits at the bar TAPPING the business card next to Cory, who tries to ignore him, but Ryan won't stop.

Cory smacks Ryan's hand still.

The Bar Girl stares at Cory.

CORY

No, no. He's my roommate.

BAR GIRL

Of course.

CORY

No. We're not...I'm not...He's not...

RYAN

We're friends and not that kind of friends...you know...we're not...

The Bar Girl moves away.

Cory gets in Ryan's face.

CORY

What the fuck?

RYAN

Sorry, Cory. That guy over there gave me this and winked at me.

Cory grabs the card.

CORY

Holy shit. A music producer? Dude.

Melanie arrives and takes the card.

MELANIE

Oh, my God. Ryan.

RYAN

He wants me, not my music.

CORY

Just because a gay guy likes your music, you think he wants to hop in bed with you?

RYAN

Duh.

CORY
Great opportunity. Don't blow it.

RYAN
Don't blow it?

CORY
Jesus, Ryan.

Cory leaves.

MELANIE
He could like you for you, ya know.

RYAN
Do you like me for me?

MELANIE
No. Your guitar.

Melanie hugs the guitar and GROWLS with orgasmic delight.
They laugh and kiss.

INT. RYAN AND CORY'S FIRST APARTMENT - NIGHT

Cramped one bedroom. Goodwill chic. Ratty brown couch. IKEA tables. Clothes strewn about.

Ryan and Melanie enter and find Cory seated on the couch kissing AMY, 20s.

Ryan and Melanie tiptoe to the bedroom and close the door gently.

INT. RYAN AND CORY'S FIRST APARTMENT - DAY

Melanie and Ryan step out of the bedroom. Melanie in the same clothes as last night. They find Cory kissing a new girl on the couch.

They look at one another, shake their heads and leave.

Ryan looks at the couple locked in a kiss, then SLAMS the door as he exits.

Cory and the new girl don't budge.

Ryan opens the door smiling, but sees nothing's changed. He shakes his head and goes.

INT. RYAN AND CORY'S FIRST APARTMENT - DAY

Ryan and Cory stand near a bulletin board propped up on a chair. The board filled with envelopes pinned up backwards.

RYAN
What's this?

Cory gives him three darts.

CORY
Throw at our bills. Those are the ones we pay this month.

RYAN
That's your solution?

CORY
Aim high.

Ryan throws the darts. One. Two. Three.

They dash to the board. Cory spins one bill around and opens it.

CORY (CONT'D)
Shit.

Ryan opens another bill.

RYAN
Shit.

Cory opens a third bill and they both look at it.

CORY/RYAN
Shit.

RYAN
You said aim high.

CORY
New rule. These are the bills we don't pay this month.

They shred the bills and toss them into the air.

RYAN
Hoopa!

CORY (CONT'D)
Hoopa!

EXT. NEW YORK NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Brownstones. People walking, jogging, cellphones abound. Bohemian New York on display.

Ryan sits on the stoop. He plucks a few notes on his guitar, then jots notes on a music pad.

Cory runs in full tilt diving for the stoop. He looks at his watch and thrusts his arms high in full Rocky Balboa mode.

CORY
Two seconds faster.

Ryan, never looking up, does a MOCK CHEER and returns to his music.

Cory pulls out his cellphone.

RYAN
Another Instagram in three, two, one.

Cory takes a selfie.

RYAN (CONT'D)
Who gets this one, the New York Times, Sue, Laura, Denise?

CORY
My parents.

RYAN
Lucky you.

Cory pulls out a condom from his running shorts pocket. Ryan discovers his smile.

CORY
Found these in the couch this morning. It was either buy these or food.

RYAN
Good thing. I love food.
(realizing)
You carry condoms when you run?

CORY
Jogging makes me horny.

IAN, late 20s, dressed in drag, exits the apartment building.

CORY (CONT'D)
Hey, Ian.

IAN
Cory....Ryan.

Ryan pulls out the business card from the other night.

RYAN
Do you know this gay guy? Says he's
a music producer.

Ian smirks and barely glances at the card.

IAN
No, Ryan. I don't know this gay
guy.
(seeing Cory with the
condom)
You boys should get those in bulk.

Cory nods agreement.

IAN (CONT'D)
You found a new place yet?

RYAN
New place?

IAN
Check your mail some time.

Ian pulls a letter out of his purse and hands it to the guys.

Ryan and Cory read it in shock.

IAN (CONT'D)
Tearing the place down for new
condos. Ain't being in our twenties
grand?

CORY
In thirty days we're all--

RYAN
Evicted.

INT. RYAN AND CORY'S FIRST APARTMENT - NIGHT

Cory sits on the couch. Ryan pours Cory a glass of whiskey,
then drops into a chair exhausted.

RYAN
Find something?

CORY
You like rats?

RYAN
Not particularly.

CORY
Then I got nothing. You?

RYAN
(pointing to the
apartment)
You like living in a closet?

Cory shrugs, then pulls a calender down from the refrigerator and marks off a day with a black marker.

Eight days unmarked in the month.

CORY
I'm not moving back to fucking
Ohio.

RYAN
At least you got somewhere to go.

CORY
You still helping me with that temp
job tomorrow? Guy said I can ask a
friend to help out.

RYAN
Got an apartment to get, dude.

CORY
Still got bills, bro.

Ryan sighs.

RYAN
Sure. Who is this guy again?

INT. LINCOLN'S HOME - EAST SIDE NEW YORK CITY - DAY

An expansive room filled with art and antique furniture.

CORY (V.O.)
Lincoln Siletti

LINCOLN SILETTI, 60s, straightens a painting. A gentleman with a warm smile like a caring grandfather. An air of power and largess about him.

Ryan and Cory wheel in a large marble statue, reminiscent of a Venus de Milo, on a cart.

CORY
Where do you want this?

LINCOLN
Over there by the fountain.

The guys wheel the statue over and place it by a similar statue near a running marble fountain.

Lincoln adorns the statues with gold jewelry and shiny baubles.

The guys smile.

LINCOLN (CONT'D)
I like to have fun. Brighten up these dreadfully pale beauties. I'll be back.

Lincoln leaves.

RYAN
Gay guys love their glitz, huh?

CORY
Some do.

RYAN
Who buys stuff like this?

CORY
A rich, video game programmer.

RYAN
What'd he program, gay guys Mahjong?

CORY
Samurai Assassins.

RYAN
No fucking way.

CORY
Every fucking way. Lincoln Siletti is a major gamer icon.

Lincoln returns and places a gigantic stuffed teddy bear in front of the fountain with its incongruous glory.

LINCOLN
I like messing with people's expectations.

RYAN
You designed Samurai Assassins?

LINCOLN
Somebody had to. Otherwise what
would you millennial boys do for
fun.

RYAN
Awesome.

LINCOLN
You X-ers do love that word.

Lincoln smiles at Ryan who backs away a bit.

LINCOLN (CONT'D)
Can you guys help me out the next
few days? I'll tell the agency.

The guys hesitate.

RYAN
We've got to find an apartment.

CORY
We're evicted in eight days.

LINCOLN
Converting your place to an
overpriced monstrosity, no doubt.

The guys nod.

LINCOLN (CONT'D)
Perhaps I can help.

INT. RYAN AND CORY'S SECOND APARTMENT - DAY

Empty apartment. Two bedrooms, space, so not a closet.

Ryan and Cory look around with in awe. Lincoln looks at the
guys and smiles.

CORY
(holding a deed)
You're renting this to us for this
much?

LINCOLN
Yes.

RYAN

Why so low?

LINCOLN

I love giving young ones like yourselves a break.

CORY

But, we need to help you out around the house to pay off some of the rent?

LINCOLN

Yes.

RYAN

Doing what?

LINCOLN

Simple things. Walk my dogs. Help keep my cars clean and glimmering. Odd jobs. Flexible hours.

LINCOLN'S CELLPHONE RING

LINCOLN (CONT'D)

Excuse me.

Lincoln leaves.

CORY

Our new home, bro.

RYAN

He seems nice, but what if he hits on us?

CORY

He's not gonna hit on us.
He's never hit on me.

RYAN

Maybe I'm more his type. Big brown eyes? Brooding, needing a parent type? He wants me.

CORY

Excuse me. My hair? Charming personality? Perfect for any gay dude.

RYAN

No, my--

CORY

Are we really arguing about this?
We're on the street in six days.

Lincoln returns.

Cory wraps his arm around Ryan and hugs him close.

CORY (CONT'D)

We'll take it.

Ryan forces a smile.

Lincoln beams.

INT. RYAN AND CORY'S SECOND APARTMENT - DAY

Ryan and Cory enter their new apartment and fist bump.

I/E. LINCOLN'S GARAGE - DAY

Ryan and Cory stand in front of a garage door.

GARAGE DOOR OPENS revealing Lincoln standing between a
Lamborghini and a Jaguar.

The guys drop their jaws and their eyes pop open.

LINCOLN

Help me take care of my cars, boys.
Hop in.

Ryan and Cory jump into the cars and sink into the leather
seats in sheer bliss.

INT. LINCOLN'S GARAGE - DAY

Ryan and Cory wash Lincoln's car with wide smiles.

Lincoln gives them the thumbs up.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREET - DAY

Cory and Ryan walk Lincoln's dogs with delight.

EXT. BAY HOUSE/WATERSIDE PORCH - DAY

A lavish home along the water. Calm waters, serene and quiet.

Lincoln sits with ANGELA WALDRON, mid-20's, cheerful, hopeful and efficient to a fault.

ANGELA

The two guys helping you in town working out?

LINCOLN

Those boys are a Godsend in so many ways.

Angela opens her laptop.

ANGELA

Great. So, what do you need me to do?

Lincoln closes her laptop.

LINCOLN

When are you leaving that stupid bartending job?

ANGELA

It pays the bills and keeps me free to help you out.

LINCOLN

Time to pursue that dream.

ANGELA

I'm not ready.

LINCOLN

No one is ever ready, dear.

Angela shrugs, then looks out over the water.

ANGELA

This would have been a great spot for your wedding.

LINCOLN

And you would have planned it to perfection, my love.

Both lean back and appreciate the calm waters in silence.

INT. LINCOLN'S HOME/LIVING ROOM - DAY

Cory sits near a large window in a room filled with antique furniture and art.

Lincoln gives Cory a beer.

LINCOLN
You okay?

CORY
Rough days at work.

LINCOLN
That damn clerk job is destroying
your soul, dear boy.

Cory sips.

LINCOLN (CONT'D)
Both of you came to New York to
act, sing and dance. Not sit in a
cubicle or do odd jobs.

CORY
I got bills to pay.

LINCOLN
Never let your dreams die, my boy.
You must always let yourself be who
you are. Trust me. I've been there.

CORY
You've been a lot of places,
haven't you?

Lincoln nods as Cory stares at his beer.

LINCOLN
What's on your mind?

CORY
Can I ask your advice about
something?

EXT. LINCOLN'S HOME - DAY

Ryan walks toward the apartment with the dogs. He stops and sees Lincoln and Cory talking near the window.

Lincoln ruffles Cory's hair and hugs him tight.

Ryan watches and smiles with joy.

INT. LINCOLN'S HOME - NIGHT

Lavish dining room with a Louis the Fourteenth table and a chandelier above.

Lincoln sits with Ryan and Cory at the end of a lavish steak dinner. The boys lean back with full bellies.

CORY
That was fucking awesome.

RYAN
Thanks, Lincoln.

LINCOLN
You boys have been awesome these few weeks. We old men don't say awesome much, so take that as an awesome compliment.

All laugh.

Cory notices framed photos on a shelf across the room.

CORY
Who's that?

Lincoln walks over to the photos and the guys follow.

LINCOLN
This is Steven. The love of my life. We were to be married, but he couldn't take coming outta of the closet, so he broke it off.

CORY
That must have hurt.

LINCOLN
Deeply. But, that's how I lived most of my life, hidden in the closet, so I understood.

RYAN
Who's the kid?

Lincoln picks up the framed picture of a ten-year-old boy.

LINCOLN
Milo. My son.

RYAN
Son?

LINCOLN
You know the drill, boys. We gay
guys always gotta pretend to be
straight. So, I had a kid and I
loved him with all my heart.

RYAN
Had?

LINCOLN
He'd be your age, if he had lived.
Cancer.

RYAN
I'm so sorry.

LINCOLN
Cory told me about his family, what
about you, Ryan?

RYAN
Mom died two years ago. Car
accident.

LINCOLN
Now, I'm sorry.

RYAN
I inherited her home and twenty
grand in the bank.

LINCOLN
Wonderful.

RYAN
And all her medical bills and
taxes. Even after selling
everything, I was two grand in the
red.

LINCOLN
Double sorry. Your dad?

RYAN
Left us when I was twelve. Never
seen or heard from him since.

LINCOLN
No explanation why?

Cory motions for Lincoln to move on, sensitive subject.

LINCOLN (CONT'D)
His loss. I love being a father.

The guys look at one another.

LINCOLN (CONT'D)
So, when are you two going to pick
a date?

RYAN
A date?

Cory wraps his arm around Ryan's shoulder.

CORY
Awhile yet. It feels like it'll
never happen.

LINCOLN
Keep working at it, boys. It'll be
perfect when the time comes.

Ryan glares at Cory.

EXT. NEW YORK STREET - NIGHT

Ryan and Cory march to the subway stop.

RYAN
He thinks we're what?

CORY
Gay. A gay couple, in fact. You and
me.

RYAN
Are you shitting me?

CORY
He wanted to help out a gay couple
with the apartment and the jobs. So
I...

RYAN
So you what?

CORY
Six days from being out on the
street?

RYAN
We each could have crashed with
someone for awhile.

CORY
Well, we didn't. Couldn't break up
the team, bro. You and me. It's
cool.

RYAN
No, it's not cool. We gotta tell
him.

CORY
Are you crazy? We'll lose
everything.

RYAN
He said he loves being a father.
Loves, bro. Loves?

CORY
I know.

RYAN
Don't you feel bad about lying to
him?

Cory snaps.

CORY
Yes, but we're screwed if we tell
him. People keep secrets sometime,
okay? We're not hurting anybody and
we're making the old guy happy.
What's the problem?

INT. RYAN AND CORY'S APARTMENT BUILDING/HALLWAY - DAY

Melanie and Ryan walk up the creaky stairs to the apartment,
arguing.

MELANIE
The problem is you lied.

RYAN
Cory lied.

MELANIE
You lied. You gotta tell Lincoln.

RYAN
I can't. I haven't the heart to
tell him. He adores us.

MELANIE

This is gonna end badly. You can't go on like this.

RYAN

Can we drop it, please?

Ryan tries to kiss her, but she backs away.

They enter

INT. RYAN AND CORY'S SECOND APARTMENT - DAY

Melanie and Cory rush in.

MELANIE

No, we can't drop it. I hate liars. Too many boyfriends have lied to me. I guess you're just another one.

RYAN

I'm not.

Cory enters, combing out his hair.

MELANIE

Maybe this is all a lie. Some bi--sexual thing going on with you two. How do I know you guys aren't gay?

CORY

Do I have to prove it to you?

RYAN

Are you hitting on my girlfriend?

MELANIE

Ex-girlfriend. I can't take the lying. I'm sorry.

RYAN

Melanie.

Melanie darts out of the apartment leaving the door open.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Fuck. She was the one.

CORY

Dude, get a grip. Tina was the one. And Elise. And Joni.

RYAN
Joan.

CORY
Whatever.

RYAN
Do you need to hit on every girl in
New York?

CORY
Yes.

Ryan growls.

CORY (CONT'D)
Sorry. I had sushi for lunch.

RYAN
What?

CORY
Sushi makes me horny.

Ryan heads for the door.

CORY (CONT'D)
Where are you going?

RYAN
To tell Lincoln the truth.

Cory charges Ryan.

CORY
No, no, no, no, no. You can't do
that.

Ryan keeps moving.

Cory grabs Ryan's guitar case and points an imaginary gun at
the case.

CORY (CONT'D)
One more step and the guitar gets
it.

Ryan chases Cory. Cory trips and falls.

Ryan saves the guitar, but falls on top of Cory.

LAWRENCE TOLBERT, 50s, dressed in a fine suit, arrives.

LAWRENCE
Rough sex. Love it!

The guys freeze, see their position on top of each other, then separate pronto.

RYAN
Who are you?

LAWRENCE
Lawrence Tolbert. The lawyer for
Lincoln's estate.

EXT. BAY HOUSE - DAY

Ryan, Cory and Lawrence stand before a large mansion by the water.

LAWRENCE
This belonged to Lincoln, may he
rest in peace. And now it's soon to
be yours.

Lawrence heads for the house.

Ryan and Cory gawk at the surroundings.

RYAN
Why did he leave this to us?

CORY
Who cares?

LAWRENCE (O.S.)
Boys.

All go inside.

INT. BAY HOUSE/DINING ROOM - DAY

A lavish dining room of crystal and fine paintings on the walls.

SCOTT MADISON, late 30s, dressed in a fine suit, measures the room with a tape measure. Lincoln's dedicated and loyal nephew. Loyal to Lincoln and money.

Lawrence, Ryan and Cory enter.

All freeze. Lawrence points to Scott.

LAWRENCE
Scott Madison. Lincoln's nephew.

Scott forces a smile, then releases the tape measure which SNAPS into the metal holder.

INT. BAY HOUSE/DINING ROOM - DAY

Lawrence, Cory, Ryan and Scott sit around a table.

Lawrence relishes talking about the will.

LAWRENCE
Scott is a major beneficiary, along with the both of you. And one other person.

All lean forward with anticipation.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)
Sad, sad day. Lincoln was a good man. He loved both of you boys very, very, very much. He was so glad the two of you can live as a gay couple in peace. You are so very, very, very lucky to live now when--

SCOTT
The will?

LAWRENCE
Yes. Lincoln left a few real estate holdings to you, Scott.

SCOTT
Including this house?

LAWRENCE
No. He's leaving this property and thirty-thousand dollars each to Ryan and Cory.

Jaws drop.

INT. BAY HOUSE/DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

Lawrence leads a tour of the lavish home. Scott trails behind.

SCOTT
It's my house.

LAWRENCE
Here are the properties willed to
you.

Lawrence gives Scott a list, then turns to Ryan and Cory.

CORY
This is awesome.

LAWRENCE
The awesomest. There are some
provisions set forth in the will
you must meet.

RYAN
Provisions?

LAWRENCE
A piece of cake because you two
adore one another, right? You get
the house, all taxes and expenses
paid by the trust for three years.

RYAN
Did you say all expenses paid?

LAWRENCE
For three years. But, here's the
best part. The main provision is
that the two of you -- get married
here with the help of Lincoln's
friends.

Lawrence beams and claps.

All color drops from Ryan and Cory's faces.

RYAN
Married?

CORY
To each other?

LAWRENCE
Of course. A June wedding with all
expenses paid by the estate. Oh, I
wish you could see your faces right
now.

The faces frozen with shock.

INT. BAY HOUSE/STAIRCASE - DAY

A winding staircase around a crystal chandelier.

SCOTT
This is my house. Lincoln told me
himself.

LAWRENCE
Afraid not. Lincoln lined up a list
of dear friends to help make the
big day grand.

Lawrence pulls out a list.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)
There's BJ the DJ. Dimitri, the
caterer. Oo-la-la what that man
does with creme and butter is
sinful. And those heavenly
cheesecakes. What's a gay wedding
without cheesecake, right?

RYAN
Married?

CORY
Us?

SCOTT
(reading the will)
Or the will is void.

Cory snatches the will and reads it with Ryan.

INT. BAY HOUSE/UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

The walk and talk continues as the entourage stops outside
the ornate main bedroom door.

CORY
He took the time to lay all this
out in the will?

LAWRENCE
He was diagnosed with inoperative
cancer four months ago. He started
planning back then.

CORY
(reading the will)
June twenty-fifth?

RYAN

In three months.

LAWRENCE

That date had special meaning for Lincoln. So, the house and property, a ton of money, a trust fund to pay the bills and the taxes for three years, and a fabulous June wedding.

RYAN

(reading the will)

Who's Angela Waldron?

LAWRENCE

She's was designated by Lincoln to be your wedding planner. When she executes the wedding, she inherits a great sum of money as well. But, she must be the planner or she inherits nothing.

RYAN

Who is she?

LAWRENCE

Lincoln's assistant. She knows the terms, but had to address issues for the funeral today. She's been the caretaker of your house.

SCOTT

My house!

RYAN/CORY

Our house!

INT. BAY HOUSE/LINCOLN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Lawrence swoops the entourage into the main bedroom. They take in all its glory.

Statues of naked men.

Pink and white motif. A large chandelier hangs over a king--size round bed. The duvet sports an enormous print of Liberace.

Prints on the wall include a bare-chested Sylvester Stallone, Clint Eastwood, Dwayne "The Rock" Johnson and David Beckham.

A painting of DaVinci's Last Supper with Oprah, Ellen Degeneres, RuPaul, Janet Reno, Ruth Bader Ginsburg and Clarence Thomas in the painting dominates a wall.

CORY
Clarence Thomas?

LAWRENCE
Something scrumptious about a
powerful man in a robe.

Lawrence shivers with delight at the thought.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)
(to Scott)
Let's leave these two alone.
Night-night, boys.

Lawrence shoos Scott out and they leave.

DOOR CLOSES

Ryan and Cory look about the room with jaws agape.

CORY
We need to hire a decorator.

RYAN
We need to do nothing. Get married.
Hello!

CORY
We keep the marriage low key and
private. Then later we say we had
irreconcilable differences or
something because--

RYAN
Because we're not gay. I can't do
this.

CORY
Let's sleep on it.

They head to the same side of the bed and bump into each other.

RYAN
I like that side of the bed.

CORY
So do I. Oh, no.

Cory sports a melodramatic, tearful look.

RYAN
What are you doing?

CORY
Our first fight.

Ryan rolls his eyes and darts to the bed.

INT. BAY HOUSE/MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Cory tosses and turns, bumps into Ryan, and pushes him to the edge.

Ryan pushes Cory back, but does not awaken him. Ryan closes his eyes. Peace at last.

Cory rolls over and spoons with Ryan. Both enjoy it in their semi-awake state, then Ryan realizes.

RYAN
Ah!

Cory wakes up and freaks.

CORY
Ah!

Both fly out of the bed and glare at each other.

CORY (CONT'D)
What were you doing?

RYAN
What were you doing?

Both hyperventilate, then Ryan grabs his guitar and heads for the door.

CORY
Where are you going?

RYAN
Another room.

CORY
No. We're supposed to be a couple.
We gotta sleep together.

Ryan GROWLS.

CORY (CONT'D)
Maybe not.

Ryan storms out of the room.

INT. BAY HOUSE/WATERSIDE PORCH - NIGHT

WATER WAVES in the background. Moonlight on the water.

Ryan strums his guitar, then leans back to sleep.

Someone CLEARS HER THROAT.

Ryan looks up and sees Angela. He falls out of the chair and fumbles to grab his guitar before it hits the ground.

ANGELA

Sorry. I wanted to say hi. I'm Angela. You're Ryan?

RYAN

Yeah. Hi.

ANGELA

Sad day. Lincoln's death hit us all pretty hard.

RYAN

Yeah, sad, really, sad day.

ANGELA

He loved his sweet, hot gay boys living happily out of the closet. Must be great to be you?

Ryan inches closer.

RYAN

More than ever.

ANGELA

Lincoln told me you're an amazing singer and songwriter. That true?

Ryan grabs his guitar.

RYAN

I can prove it.

Ryan sings a soft tune, smiling at Angela.

Ryan ends with a flourish.

ANGELA

That was fairly nice.

RYAN
What?

ANGELA
Nice.

RYAN
No, you said fairly nice. That's
like, one step below nice.

ANGELA
Keep at it. There's a great song in
you, I know. Gotta head home. Ciao.

Angela leaves. Ryan plays his guitar, then scowls.

RYAN
Fairly nice?

EXT. BAY HOUSE/WATERSIDE PORCH - DAY

Ryan sleeps on a porch chair. Angela's LAUGHTER wakes him.
Ryan flies up the stairs to find Cory and Angela laughing.

RYAN
I thought you were going home.

ANGELA
I spent the night.

RYAN
Oh?

Cory flashes a cheesy grin Ryan's way.

Ryan gets in Cory's face.

RYAN (CONT'D)
(sotto)
You didn't?

CORY
(sotto)
I wish.
(full voice)
You two have met?

ANGELA
He shared a song with me last night
under the stars.

RYAN
A fairly nice song.

CORY
Should have introduced her to me,
my love.

RYAN
You need your beauty rest, my pet.

ANGELA
You two are so adorable.

She runs off.

RYAN
She's so hot.

CORY
And we're so gay.

They sigh in unison.

INT. BJ'S RECORDING STUDIO - DAY

A fully equipped, professional recording studio.

Angela, Ryan, and Cory enter. Ryan beams like a child let loose in a toy store.

BJ joins them.

BJ, 30's, African-American in hip-hop clothing and the longest dreadlocks known to mankind. He always wears sunglasses, even indoors. He fist bumps them all, then holds up a CD.

BJ
Your stuff is dope, Ry Guy. I can do a lot for you with my contacts, but I need a solid demo. Can't be cheap.

ANGELA
Which you can make here.

BJ
I need some serious bread to do it right. Ten grand and you get several pro musicians, some orchestrations. Some more cash to promote and build the brand. Your stuff will blow people's minds.
(MORE)

BJ (CONT'D)
Even got a name - The Queer
Balladeer.

RYAN
(sarcastic)
Love it.

BJ
Being gay will open some new doors,
my man. Few hit the scene openly
going after the gay market. It'll
blow people's minds.

Ryan shakes his head with doubt.

CORY
Excuse us.

Cory takes Ryan into a tight

RECORDING BOOTH

CORY (CONT'D)
You gotta do this.

RYAN
I gotta do nothing.

Cory, for once, is serious.

CORY
I'll split the demo cost fifty-
fifty with the inheritance money.
Just go along with the marriage
thing and we can make it happen.

RYAN
You expect me to trust you to split
the cost? You hit on my girlfriend.

CORY
She was hot.

RYAN
Wrong answer, shithead.

Cory puts his hands on Ryan's shoulders.

CORY
I'm serious. I want your dreams to
come true, bud.

BACK TO ANGELA AND BJ

Angela and BJ chuckle as they see Ryan and Cory virtually on top of one another in the booth.

BJ opens an intercom channel to the booth.

BACK TO RYAN AND CORY

BJ (V.O.)
Hey, guys. Rent a cabana.

Ryan and Cory separate, but crash into the sides of the cramped booth. Total embarrassment.

CORY
C'mon.

Cory offers a handshake. Ryan hesitates, then shakes hands.

RYAN
Let's do this.

All CHEER.

EXT. BAY HOUSE/FRONT DOOR - DAY

Ryan, Cory and Angela stand before the water and take in the beauty of the wedding site.

ANGELA
This wedding is going to be epic.
Let me look at the kitchen again
before I talk to Dimitri.

Angela hops into the house.

The guys look at Angela walk away and shake their heads at her beauty.

SCOTT (O.S.)
Hot, isn't she?

RYAN
Very.

The guys look at each other, then turn to find Scott.

CORY
For a girl. Right, Ryan?

RYAN
Yeah. On a guy she'd be pretty hot.

CORY
Hotter.

RYAN
Sizzling.

SIZZLING HISSES.

SCOTT
Gay, my ass.

The guys lean over and look at Scott's ass.

Scott backs away with a scowl.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
I'm going to prove your lie and vacate the will. June twenty-fifth wedding? Not gonna happen.

CORY
If we get married, it makes no difference if you believe we're gay or not.

SCOTT
Au contraire. Have you met my uncle's very gay crew helping with the wedding? What do you think might happen if they can see through your gay scam? Maybe they'll join me in contesting the will?

Scott smacks both guys butts and saunters away.

CORY
We gotta pass as gay to Lincoln's friends.

RYAN
We need gay lessons.

INT. IAN'S APARTMENT - DAY

DOOR KNOCK

Ian, in skull cap and make-up, answers the door.

Ryan and Cory stand in the doorway.

RYAN/CORY
Make us gay.

INT. IAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Ian sits with two others facing him.

IAN GUEST #1
They said "make us gay"?

IAN
They did.

IAN GUEST #2
Silly straight boys.

IAN
So, let's have some fun making them
gay, shall we?

They hi-five and chortle.

INT. OUTSIDE RYAN AND CORY'S SECOND APARTMENT DOOR - DAY

Ian stands outside the front door with Ryan and Cory.

IAN
Nothing says gay like an immaculate
living space. So--

Ian enters.

RYAN
You might want to--

IAN (O.S.)
Ah!

Ryan and Cory enter.

INT. RYAN AND CORY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Ian stands in a wreck of an apartment. His hands over his
face in horror.

He spies super grungy sweatsocks spread about.

IAN
Ah!

Old pizza and Chinese food containers everywhere.

IAN (CONT'D)
Ah!

Ian opens a kitchen drawer.

IAN (CONT'D)

At least you have a wine opener.
With a bottle opener on top for
your beer, the nectar of the macho
heterosexual.

CORY

We've got Riesling.

IAN

Hope springs eternal.

Ian grabs a fork to lift silk underwear from under a food
container on the floor.

RYAN

(to Cory)
In the kitchen?

CORY

Dim Sum makes me horny.

Ian holds up a can of Axe spray.

IAN

Axe?

Cory sprays it.

CORY

Like it?

IAN

Cologne, my boy. You're not
seventeen. Or perhaps Lysol.

BEGIN NEAT APARTMENT MONTAGE

- A) Ryan irons his T-shirts under Ian's watchful eye.
- B) Cory vacuums with Ian and they do a vacuuming dance together.
- C) Ryan loads the dishwasher. It's a total mess. Ian, wearing gloves, rearranges everything.
- D) Ian shows off a perfect load of dishes. Ryan and Cory are impressed.
- E) Cory stands before an immaculate stack of pressed and folded T-shirts and pants. Ian is verklempt.

F) Ian shows off men's cologne to Ryan and Cory. Cory sprays his balls. Ian approves.

G) Ryan, Cory and Ian dust the shelves and rearrange things about the apartment.

END MONTAGE

INT. RYAN AND CORY'S APARTMENT - DAY

A totally neat apartment. Ian wipes tears of joy.

Ryan and Cory lean against each other sound asleep.

INT. IAN'S APARTMENT - DAY

An super neat and clean apartment with wigs on foam heads, make-up galore, dresses, and a poster of Judy Garland.

Ryan and Cory face a white board. Written across the top of the board is: GAY WORDS. Below is a list: Fabulous, Top, Bottom, Twink, Daddy, Beard, Shade, Grindr, and Zizzy-pop.

CORY
(to Ryan)
Zizzy-pop?

Ryan shrugs.

IAN
Basic vocabulary. We'll start with--

Ian points to "Fabulous".

Ryan and Cory flip their hands.

RYAN/CORY
Fabulous.

IAN
Okay. This one?

He points to "Shade". The guys throw shade at each other.

Ryan does a double-take at Cory, then turns back to Ian.

RYAN
Why's that a gay word?

IAN
Many throw shade, we perfected it.

Cory rolls his eyes at Ryan.

RYAN
(to Cory)
What?

CORY
I don't want to talk about Bears or
Twinks.

IAN
No words are off-limits.

RYAN
You're kind of a Twink.

IAN
He's not a Twink.

CORY
You think I'm a Twink?

RYAN
Kind of.

IAN
Okay, let's look at--

RYAN
We have to figure who's the female.

CORY
It's me. I'm the pretty one.

RYAN
I'm just as pretty as you.

CORY
Okay. I'll be the guy.

RYAN
No, no, no. I know what you really
think. Fine. I'll be the guy.

IAN
Okay. We don't actually figure out
who is the--

RYAN
You think you can be a better gay
than me, don't you?

IAN
This isn't a competition.

RYAN

That's why you threw me shade back then.

CORY

I threw shade at you because we were showing shade. It wasn't shade shade.

RYAN

No, that was shade shade.

CORY

That was not shade shade. And yes, I don't think you can pull it off.

RYAN

I can do gay, Cory.

CORY

So can I, okay?

RYAN

Okay.

IAN

Okay. Gays argue as well. You guys got that down.

RYAN

Damn straight...or not straight.

Cory and Ian roll their eyes.

IAN

Moving on.

INT. WALTER'S WONDERFUL WORLD OF WINE - DAY

A store overflowing with wine and all its accessories.

Ryan and Cory stand before several bottles of wine.

Across from them are Ian and WALTER, 30s, Ian Guest #1. Owner of the store. A chipper and patient man.

WALTER

Let's learn about wine.

CORY

I told you this would be fun.

Ryan spies the beer case.

RYAN
You've got craft beer back there.
Gay people like beer, right?

WALTER
Let's talk about wine types. They
are--

CORY
Red or white.

Ryan shrugs agreement.

WALTER
Cabernet, Merlot, Sauvignon Blanc,
Pinot Grigio, Petit Franc.

RYAN
(affected French accent)
Zee fancy red and zee fancy white.

Ryan and Cory go into a haughty laugh.

Walter and Ian are not amused.

The guys serious up.

WALTER
Sip and tell me what you taste.

They both sip.

RYAN
Wet.

WALTER
No. Talk about the tannins, the
fragrance. Does it taste like
honeydew, currants, pear or peach?

RYAN
They're grapes, how do they taste
like peach?

IAN
It's the hint of what it tastes
like.

RYAN
(to Cory)
What do you taste?

Cory hesitates, then changes the subject.

CORY
What are tannins?

WALTER
The body and color of the wine. The wine you have is rich in tannins, that shows it's strength. It's also very oaky.

CORY
Oakly? It tastes like a tree?

IAN
It's not a tree. It's the barrel it was fermented in.

CORY
The barrel?

RYAN
Aren't barrels for beer?

Walter drops a thick wine bible in front of the guys.

WALTER
Study.

Ian and Walter pour overflowing glasses of vino and down them straight.

INT. MORGAN'S FASHION CENTER/BACK ROOM - DAY

The guys enter a room of wood panels, cherry wood furniture, a fireplace, and a free-standing knight of armor.

RYAN
Why are we here?

IAN
This heterosectomy requires all hands on deck. Time to meet Morgan.

RYAN
I dress fine.

CORY
I've seen homeless people dressed better than you.

Ian claps to hush them up.

CORY (CONT'D)
Who is this guy?

MORGAN enters to loud, majestic music.

MORGAN, 40s, tall and athletically built woman, in a black suit and black boots -- Ian Guest #2. A Mafia Don presence with a drill sergeant cadence. She carries a riding crop.

The guys look up at the imposing figure and swallow hard.

MORGAN
Stand up.

CORY
What?

MORGAN
Up.

The guys snap to attention.

MORGAN (CONT'D)
Take off those rags.

RYAN
What?

MORGAN
Off.

The guys obey.

CORY
First time I undressed for a woman
who couldn't care less.

Morgan slaps the crop against her boots.

The guys scurry to undress.

INT. MORGAN'S FASHION CENTER/BACK ROOM - DAY

The guys stand at attention in their boxers.

Cory wears boxers with hearts on it and can barely hold in his laughter at Ryan in his Sponge Bob boxers.

Ryan glares at Cory, who finally explodes with laughter.

RIDING CROP HIT

Morgan drops the boy's clothes into the raging fireplace.

IAN
 What type of look do we want for
 them?

MORGAN
 Let's try them all.

DRESS MONTAGE

Ryan and Cory stand in the clothing store dressed in

A) South Beach patterned clothes. The guys strut like peacocks, making fun of the whole thing.

B) Athletic shorts, muscle T-shirts and designer sneakers. They grunt and flex their muscles like pro wrestlers.

C) Scruff denim jeans, designer T-shirts, and denim jackets. The guys like it.

D) Ian and Morgan hold up dresses. The guys shake their heads "no".

E) Solid black and white suits with narrow ties and Armani shoes. Each with stylish sunglasses. They give each other the thumbs up.

F) Classic leather gear of studded pants, jacket and hats. Ian plays YMCA from his cellphone. Everyone in the store dances.

INT. RYAN AND CORY'S SECOND APARTMENT - DAY

Ryan packs up a few boxes with the front door open. Ian enters.

RYAN
 Hey.

IAN
 Ready for the big move?

Ryan shrugs and keeps packing.

RYAN
 Think we can pull off being gay
 around Lincoln's friends?

IAN
 You'll do fine.

RYAN
You fucking with us, weren't you?
There's no such thing as being gay,
is there?

IAN
No. Just our little joke.

RYAN
Touche.

IAN
Still doing the gay charade?

RYAN
Yes.

IAN
Well, hang out with our gay
brethren and go win one for the
Giffer.

Ryan smiles.

IAN (CONT'D)
Sorry. I only know two things about
football.

RYAN
What's that?

IAN
Tom Brady.

They fist bump.

INT. DIMITRI'S KITCHEN - DAY

A large, shiny professional kitchen fit to feed an army.

DIMITRI COUNSELO, 50s, the gregarious rotund wedding caterer
presents dishes to Angela and the guys.

They gorge on the dishes as the proud Chef beams.

Dimitri offers glasses of wine.

DIMITRI
Try these reds.

Ryan and Cory sip.

Dimitri responds with orgasmic delight with each wine description.

CORY
Fabulous. A Merlot. Nice hue. A touch of mocha and plum.

DIMITRI
Yes.

CORY
Smoky, oaky as I like to call it.

DIMITRI
Yes, yes.

CORY
Let's see. Is that? Yes. Raspberry?

DIMITRI
Yes, yes, yes. Fantastic. Ryan?

Ryan tastes and hesitates, seemingly clueless.

LONG PAUSE as all stare at Ryan.

RYAN
A Bordeaux. Blackberry, currants, violet and dark chocolate with deep tannins.

DIMITRI
Oh, dear God. Yes, yes, yes.

Dimitri fans himself and flops down on a stool. He grabs a cigarette.

ANGELA
Amazing. To me they're just red wines.

CORY
Part of the gay gene, dear. Which do you like best?

ANGELA
I don't know.

Cory walks up to Angela and holds up both glasses near her eyes.

CORY
I like this one. It goes fabulously with your delightful eyes.

Cory and Angela smile at each other.

Ryan clenches his teeth.

EXT. BAY HOUSE - DAY

Angela faces the house, arms raised as if imagining something on the house.

Ryan and Cory look at Angela's rear end and smile. They talk under their breath.

RYAN

We can't do this. We're gay.

CORY

We can't have the meal, but we can still read the menu.

Angela turns around and startles.

RYAN

Don't let us stop you.

ANGELA

Lincoln lined up the most amazing crew for the wedding. This is so exciting.

CORY

Fabulous.

ANGELA

I love weddings. And for it to be Lincoln's favorite couple warms my heart.

Cory turns on the charm.

CORY

Mine, too.

Ryan walks to the other side of her.

RYAN

So glad we can make you smile.

The guys kiss her cheeks and glare at each other across her face.

EXT. BAY HOUSE/FRONT PORCH - DAY

Cory works on a dance.

Angela saunters up to him and applauds.

ANGELA

Nice.

CORY

Do you dance?

ANGELA

No, I--

Cory takes her hand and they work on a dance routine.

INT. BAY HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - DAY

Ryan and BJ look at sheet music.

BJ

So, what tunes you want to lay
down, Ry Guy?

Ryan sees Angela and Cory having a grand time outside.

Ryan grabs his guitar and sings.

FRONT PORCH

ANGELA

Your husband-to-be has a beautiful
voice.

CORY

Let me show you another dance move.

Cory moves Angela away from the window and snuggles up close
behind her for another dance.

Ryan sees Cory move closer to Angela. He opens the window and
sings louder.

BJ is confused.

Cory swoops Angela up in his arms and spins her around.
Angela loves it.

Ryan steps out of the window and moves closer to the couple,
while singing a hard rock tune. Ryan finishes with a loud
flourish.

BJ stands at the window in a daze.

CORY (CONT'D)
Don't you have a recording session?

RYAN
Yep. Care to join me, Angela?

ANGELA
I'd love to.

Ryan takes Angela's arm and away they go.

BJ steps out of the window, waves to Cory, and leaves with Ryan and Angela.

CORY
Game on, bro. Game on.

INT. BAY HOUSE/MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

Cory sits with Angela while holding a deck of cards.

Angela holds a pad.

ANGELA
So, who do you want to invite to the wedding?

CORY
Pick a card.

ANGELA
What?

CORY
Pick a card.

She does.

CORY (CONT'D)
Look at it, then put it back into the deck.

Cory shuffles the deck while flashing a coy smile. He lifts the top card from the deck -- the two of hearts.

CORY (CONT'D)
Is this your card?

Angela's eyes pop open.

Ryan sees Angela and Cory getting cozy.

CORY (CONT'D)
Two of hearts. Perfect.

Cory holds his hand to his heart and sighs.

Angela swoons.

Ryan frowns, then pulls out his cellphone and dials.

RYAN
Hey, BJ. Where does Angela bartend
again?

INT. WHICH EXIT? BAR AND GRILL - NIGHT

Long bar, well-stocked with liquor. Sports memorabilia of the New York sports teams with decades old dust. Packed room of working class types.

Ryan enters and sees Angela bartending. He heads for the bar.

AT A TABLE

BAR GUY #1 shouts at her.

BAR GUY #1
Where's my drink?

ANGELA
Be right with you.

Bar Guy #2 slaps her butt.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
Watch your hands.

BAR GUY #2
I'd like to watch them all over
you.

BAR GUY #1
Chill, she never puts out.

The Bar Guys guffaw.

Angela moves to Ryan at the bar.

BAR GUY #2
C'mon. I'm better looking than that
jerk.

RYAN
(to Angela)
Why are you taking this crap from
these assholes?

ANGELA
It's okay.

RYAN
No, it's not okay.
(loudly)
You don't deserve this shit.

Bar Guy #2 stands, Ryan follows suit.

ANGELA
Relax, Ryan. I'm not his type. I'm
not inflatable.

BAR GUY #2
What?

ANGELA
Great reply. Is being stupid your
job or are you gifted?

OOOHS and AAAHS.

BAR GUY #1
Leave him alone. And where's my
beer?

RYAN
She's busy right now, she'll ignore
you later.

BAR GUY #2
I don't need to stand here and take
this shit.

Ryan offers him a chair.

Laughter from everyone, even the Bar Guys smile.

ANGELA
Light travels faster than sound.
That's why some guys appear bright
until they speak. In your cases,
good thing mirrors can't talk for
that one over there would be
laughing.

She points to a mirror where only the Bar Guys are seen.

BAR GUY #2
Fuck you.

ANGELA
I'm gonna need a few drinks first.

Bar Guy #2 glares at Ryan.

RYAN
Not tonight, I have a headache.

The crowd goes wild with APPLAUSE and LAUGHTER.

The Bar Guys drop money on the table and rush out.

Ryan and Angela smile at each other.

EXT. WHICH EXIT? BAR AND GRILL - NIGHT

Ryan walks with Angela along a quiet, moonlit street.

ANGELA
Being a woman bartender you learn
how to handle jerks.

RYAN
You're better than that gig.

ANGELA
Need the money. I got this job out
of college, then I got credit cards
and a car. The road to hell is
paved with Visas and Mastercards.

RYAN
He put you in the will. You can
quit after the wedding, right?

ANGELA
Yeah. The estate will pay for me
being the wedding planner and a
nice inheritance, half of which
goes to the Garden State though.
So, still gotta work.

RYAN
He left a lot to us and paid our
taxes.

Ryan looks away with sadness.

ANGELA
I'm happy for you. It's fine.

RYAN
How'd you meet him?

ANGELA
Friend of my parents. He hired me about a year ago to help with his affairs. Lincoln helped me pay their funeral expenses.

Ryan nods.

Angela looks up at him.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
That's refreshing.

RYAN
What?

ANGELA
When I say that, most people say I'm sorry or something.

RYAN
Every time someone says that to me, I want to throw up. Not their fault, and saying I'm sorry doesn't change anything.

ANGELA
Two points for the Gay Balladeer. They died in a car accident, FYI.

RYAN
Did you know Lincoln was dying?

ANGELA
No. Years in the closet, he got good at keeping secrets.

RYAN
Evidently. We didn't know either.

ANGELA
I bet you're good at keeping secrets, too.

Ryan stops walking.

RYAN
What?

ANGELA
Being gay and all?

RYAN
Yeah. No. I dunno.

They start walking.

ANGELA
You both were very special to him.
The sons he never had.

RYAN
I know.

ANGELA
I guess we're the Lincoln Lasting
Legacy.

RYAN
Lovely.

They nod to each other and smile.

Angela hops into her car and drives off.

Ryan waves and sighs.

EXT. BAY HOUSE/WATERSIDE PORCH - NIGHT

Ryan plays his guitar while gazing at the stars.

Angela listens for awhile, then gets his attention.

ANGELA
Want to sing a song at your
wedding?

RYAN
A nice song?

ANGELA
I didn't mean to offend. It's just
that your music sounds so angry. Is
that because of your dad?

Ryan is surprised.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
Cory told me about your parents.

RYAN
So my music was nice and now it's
angry?

Angela forces a meek smile, then pulls out a USB drive.

ANGELA
These are examples of wedding vows,
decorating ideas and such. You and
Cory can decide what you like.

RYAN
Sure.

ANGELA
Good night.

RYAN
'Night.

Angela leaves.

RYAN (CONT'D)
Smooth, shithead.

Ryan loads the drive on his laptop and views the drive menu
with only one folder marked "POEMS".

RYAN (CONT'D)
Wrong drive.

Ryan starts to close his computer, then stops. He clicks on
the folder.

EXT. BAY HOUSE/WATERSIDE PORCH - NIGHT

Ryan works on a song.

Angela appears.

ANGELA
You wanted to see me.

RYAN
Yeah. I got a song I want you to
hear.

Ryan sings a soft tune unlike any song he's performed. Tender
and without anger.

ANGELA
That's my poem. How did you...?

RYAN
You gave me the wrong drive.
I hope you don't mind.

ANGELA
No, that's very--

RYAN

Nice?

ANGELA

More than nice.

Ryan inches up and kisses her.

Angela enjoys it, then backs away.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

No. This isn't right. Think about Cory.

RYAN

I'd rather not.

ANGELA

I gotta go.

RYAN

No. Stay. Please. I've never felt this way before with any girl, I mean, with a girl before. I think I like it.

They kiss again for a time.

INT. BAY HOUSE/ANGELA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

A modest guest room with just a few things about, temporary quarters for Angela.

Angela and Ryan lie in bed, scantily dressed after sex.

ANGELA

You've never done this before?

RYAN

I read a lot.

ANGELA

Those must be some books.

They snuggle and kiss.

INT. BAY HOUSE/MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

Cory stands shocked.

CORY

You fucking did what?

RYAN
I couldn't help it. Angela makes me
horny.

CORY
Ha, ha. So she knows that--

RYAN
She just thinks I'm exercising my
natural "bi-sexual desires". We're
cool. She was worried about what
you would think.

EXT. BAY HOUSE/FRONT DOOR - DAY

Cory stands with Angela with his hand over his heart.

CORY
I think it shows how sweet and
loving my guy is.

ANGELA
I'm so relieved. I didn't want to
get between you two.

CORY
I understand. In fact, I wonder
about this, too. Perhaps, if it's
okay, you and I could explore
whether I'm bi and--

Cory leans in for a kiss, then sees JOSEPH and KATE
MENDENHALL, 50s, Cory's parents looking stern and cold.

CORY (CONT'D)
Mom, Dad?

Solid upper middle-class couple. Joseph in a polo shirt and
khaki slacks, an American flag pin on his shirt. Kate in a
conservative blue pants suit. Upper middle class conservative-
looking parents on parade.

Cory rushes to his parents and hugs them, but they stand cold
and aloof.

CORY (CONT'D)
Angela, my parents.

ANGELA
Great to meet you.

The parents just nod.

CORY
What are you doing here?

JOSEPH
We heard our son's getting married?

KATE
From the internet. We shouldn't
find out our son is gay from our
computer, dear.

CORY
I can explain.

Cory looks over at Angela, unable to talk in front of her.

JOSEPH
A gay wedding? We're really
disappointed son.

CORY
Dad?

LONG BEAT of cold silence, then Joseph and Kate bowl over
with laughter.

JOSEPH
Had you going, didn't we?

CORY
What?

Kate kisses her son.

KATE
We think it's great, dear. We
always knew you were gay, now it's
out in the open.

JOSEPH
We think it's wonderful, son.

Joseph hugs Cory.

CORY
You thought I was gay?

JOSEPH
What boy asks to go to ballet
class, huh?

KATE
And you're an actor.

JOSEPH/KATE

Duh.

The parents laugh and Angela joins in the reverie.

KATE

We know you had those Playboy magazines under your bed to try to throw us off the scent.

CORY

Mom!

JOSEPH

But we knew the truth.

Cory turns to Angela mortified.

CORY

Playboy magazines? No, I never--

JOSEPH

Miss December of two-thousand seven was really hot.

Joseph looks at the house.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)

You'll inherit this house?

ANGELA

Right after the wedding.

KATE

You'll need new bed sheets, pillows, and lots of blankets. It gets cold by the water, dear.

CORY

Thanks, mom. I think we got--

JOSEPH

If the place needs some fixing up, you know I'm good with tools.

KATE

Do they have a nice kitchen? Make sure you're eating properly.

ANGELA

Let me show you.

JOSEPH

You might need a good lawn mower. A big ride-on jobber.

Joseph revs up his fake lawn mower.

Angela and the Parents move to the house.

Cory stands dumbfounded, then snaps out of it.

CORY

Miss December of two-thousand seven? Dad?

Cory rushes into the house.

INT. BAY HOUSE/FRONT DOOR ALCOVE - DAY

Angela and Scott stand at the front door of a lavish alcove with a winding staircase and chandelier.

A REPORTER gawks at the house.

Ryan and Cory enter.

ANGELA

Fantastic news.

SCOTT

This is the very first gay wedding in this county. So, I used my publicity contacts and arranged a big story.

CORY

(to Scott)

What are you up to?

SCOTT

Trying to help.

REPORTER

We're going to cover the whole wedding from start to finish.

ANGELA

We'll blanket social media, Twitter, Facebook, Instagram, every local news source.

SCOTT

I think we can even get it to go national.

CORY
National?

RYAN
We just want a small wedding.

SCOTT
Don't be silly. You can use this to
promote your music career.

Ryan's eyes light up.

CORY
Yeah, but--

RYAN
You said you were all in.

CORY
I did.

REPORTER
So, how did you guys meet?

INT. BJ'S RECORDING STUDIO - DAY

Ryan works on a song, plucking out a few chords. BJ joins him on the keyboard. They start to jam.

OUTSIDE THE STUDIO

A MAN gets out of his car and listens to Ryan singing and smiles.

INSIDE THE INSIDE

The jam session stops and they slap hands to celebrate.

BJ
Outta sight.

The Man enters.

BJ (CONT'D)
Can I help you, sir?

Ryan turns around and his face goes red with anger.

EXT. BJ'S RECORDING STUDIO - DAY

Ryan marches into the parking lot followed by the Man, BRUCE, Ryan's father, 60's, thin and hair full of gray.

BRUCE

Son.

RYAN

Don't you dare call me that.

BRUCE

Okay. Wow. You're getting married.
To a guy.

RYAN

Wow, thanks. I didn't know.

BRUCE

Son--

RYAN

I fucking said--

BRUCE

Ryan. I'm deeply sorry for what I
did. No excuses. I was wrong. But,
I never stopped loving you.

RYAN

Boy, you jump right in with the
bullshit, don't ya? Love me? You
got a shitty way of showing it.

BRUCE

I'm ashamed of what I did, but was
too guilty to find you. So I stayed
away.

RYAN

Why'd you go in the first place?

BRUCE

For the first time in my life, I
felt free. I was out of the closet.
I could be myself.

RYAN

So being yourself means you can
forget about us?

BRUCE

No. I was wrong. I hoped that
coming back in your life, now that
you came out as gay, you might
better understand about me.

RYAN

I understand. You're here so I can call you dad again? Okay. You fucked up my life, dad. You broke mom's heart, dad. You fucking threw me away like an old shoe, dad.

BRUCE

C'mon, Ryan. Tell the truth. Would you have accepted your faggot father? I heard how you and your friends talked.

RYAN

We were fucking twelve. You never gave me a fucking chance.

BRUCE

I would like to be at your wedding?

Ryan folds his arms and shakes.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

I'm begging you.

RYAN

I'll let you know.

Bruce holds out a business card.

BRUCE

My cell number. I'm about two hours from here.

Ryan doesn't budge.

Cory walks out of the studio and watches.

Bruce puts the note on the ground under a pebble, then skulks back to his car and drives off.

Cory picks up the card.

CORY

Who was that?

RYAN

Daddy farthest.

CORY

Oh, shit. Your dad? What you always wanted, bro.

Ryan folds his arms and frowns.

CORY (CONT'D)
Aren't you happy to at least see
him?

RYAN
I dunno.

Cory holds out the card. Ryan snatches it, looks at it, and
tears up.

Cory hugs him.

CELLPHONE BUZZES.

CORY
It's been doing this since the
wedding story broke national
yesterday. Every girl I dated is
calling me. No one's called you?

Ryan pulls out his phone.

RYAN
I had it off.

He turns it on, then his phone BUZZES.

The guys hold their phones BUZZING away.

RYAN (CONT'D)
What if Scott gets to one of them?

EXT. RYAN AND CORY'S SECOND APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Scott stands in front of the building, taking pictures with
his phone.

LEON, 30's, a slim gay man walks up to Scott.

LEON
You should ask the building to
smile.

Scott spins around.

LEON (CONT'D)
I'm Leon, we met at the funeral.
You're Lincoln's nephew?

SCOTT
Yes. You live here with all those
other, uh--?

LEON
Gays? Yes. This was the West Side
Gay House. Except in Four-B when
they were here.

SCOTT
Ryan and Cory.

Leon appears curious.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
I inherited the building, so I know
the leases.

LEON
Ryan and Cory were good guys,
clueless, but good. But, boy they
were the horniest boys in
Manhattan. Well, Melanie finally
tamed Ryan, but that Cory, my, my,
that straight boy just don't know
how to quit.

SCOTT
Melanie?

INT. TUXEDO STORE - DAY

A ritzy formal wear store. Never-ending rows of tuxedos and
ties of various shades and colors. The prom superstore.

Ryan emerges from the dressing room with a stunning classic
tuxedo look.

Angela beams and hugs him.

APPLAUSE

Ryan and Angela turn to find Scott applauding with a smirk.

SCOTT
Look at our stunning little gay
boy. You two look so cute together.

Angela and Ryan separate.

RYAN
What are you doing here?

SCOTT
Can't I offer best wishes for a
great wedding?

ANGELA
It's going to be amazing.

SCOTT
Unprecedented, one might say. May I
speak to Ryan alone?

Angela leaves.

RYAN
What do you want?

SCOTT
I was curious as to when you and
Cory are going to take your final
things out of my apartment?

RYAN
Your apartment?

SCOTT
My dear uncle left your apartment
building to me. Your lease is up
soon. I need Four-B cleared out or
you can keep it, but the rent is
now doubled.

RYAN
Doubled?

SCOTT
My misguided uncle subsidized rent
in that building. I'm going to
charge the actual rent. No more
handouts.

RYAN
A lot of Lincoln's friends live in
that building.

SCOTT
You mean a lot of his so-called
friends took advantage of him. Just
like you.

RYAN
I didn't take advantage of anyone.

SCOTT
You lied to my uncle, took
advantage of him and you're taking
advantage of Angela. Uncle Lincoln
loved and cared for her, and she
was loyal to him to the end.
(MORE)

SCOTT (CONT'D)

I'm exposing you for the frauds you are.

Ryan turns to go.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Are you inviting Melanie to your wedding?

Ryan spins around, flustered.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

You dated her, right? In fact, someone told me you and Cory are the two horniest straight guys he's ever met.

RYAN

People lie.

SCOTT

I know.

Angela returns.

ANGELA

(to Scott)

Did you tell him?

RYAN

Tell me what?

SCOTT

I'm paying for a professional photographer to come and take some great shots for social media and the wedding. A peace offering for being so angry about the will.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Scott shares coffee with MITCHELL, 40s, overweight, five o'clock shadow, professional photographer. A camera around his neck.

Mitchell takes a picture of a plain, white, coffee mug.

SCOTT

What are you doing?

MITCHELL

It's a great mug. A lot of character.

Scott looks at the drab mug and shakes his head.

SCOTT
You understand your mission?

MITCHELL
Yeah. I take pictures of these gay guys and make them uncomfortable about being gay. But, if they're gay, why would they be uncomfortable?

SCOTT
They're not gay. They're pretending to be gay. This will force them to re-think this gay charade.

MITCHELL
Because they think they're gay.

SCOTT
No, they know they're not gay. But, they need to act gay.

MITCHELL
Wow, look at the ass on that guy.

Mitchell takes a picture of a man's butt.

Scott pushes his camera down.

SCOTT
Focus.

MITCHELL
I did. I got a clean shot.

SCOTT
No. Get the mission straight. You take gay porn, you know how to do this.

Mitchell looks at another guy walking by.

Scott taps the table.

MITCHELL
So if I make them act too gay, they may not be gay?

SCOTT
They're not gay. They're pretending to be gay.

MITCHELL

But you want them to pretend to be gay so they won't be gay.

SCOTT

They'll stop pretending to be gay and not get married, because they're not gay. Got it?

INT. IAN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Ian sits with Ryan and Cory.

IAN

I don't get it.

CORY

Scott's trying to set us up somehow.

IAN

How do you know?

CORY

You're seriously asking me how I know about a scheme?

IAN

My bad. My skull cap must be on too tight.

RYAN

He probably wants this photo shoot thing to make us admit we're straight.

IAN

Tell him you're not doing it.

CORY

No, no. We want to fuck with him, call his bluff.

RYAN

Know guys who can help?

IAN

Do I ever.

I/E. BAY HOUSE - DAY - MOS

PHOTOGRAPHY MONTAGE

Ryan and Cory pose for pictures with Mitchell trying to photograph them.

- A.) Wearing only boxers, Ryan and Cory lie in bed. Mitchell motions them to drape over each other. They do so. Mitchell walks back to get the shot, turns around and finds Ian, in drag, and Cory seated back-to-back. Ryan jumps in and snaps the picture.
- B.) The guys lie in bed naked with towels over their man parts. Mitchell motions the guys to lean in for a kiss. The guys lean in, then several hunky, bare-chested studs rush in and pose with Ryan and Cory.
- C.) Two of the bare-chested studs flirt with Mitchell and they all leave the room together. Ian steps behind the camera and becomes the photographer from now on.
- D.) The guys stand studly wearing only long dress shirts and ties only, no pants, before the water backdrop. Ian takes a picture.
- E.) Mitchell runs out of the house, half-naked with the drag queens and the hunky guys chasing him. Mitchell grabs his camera equipment from Ian and races to his car. Ryan and Cory fist bump.

INT. SCOTT'S OFFICE - DAY

A large modern business office filled with all a business could want in technology and opulence. Scott sits behind the desk and looks a picture.

PICTURE INSERT

Ryan, dressed as Batman and Cory, dressed as Spiderman, hold hands together as Ian, dressed as Princess Leia, presides over the wedding with the hunky studs sobbing.

BACK TO SCENE

Scott slams the picture down and growls.

END OF SEQUENCE

INT. BAY HOUSE/ANGELA'S BEDROOM - DAY

Scott stands in the middle of the room nose-to-nose with Angela.

SCOTT
They're lying.

ANGELA
That's silly. In two weeks, they're getting married.

SCOTT
For the inheritance.

ANGELA
Oh, please.

SCOTT
I've heard about those two.
Horniest heterosexuals in
Manhattan.

ANGELA
Then you've found girlfriends for
the horniest heterosexuals in
Manhattan?

SCOTT
Not yet.

ANGELA
'Cause there aren't any. I know
you're pissed about the
inheritance, but it's what Lincoln
wanted.

SCOTT
They lied to Lincoln. They are not
gay. I'm shocked one of them hasn't
hit on you yet.

Angela marches to the door and opens it.

ANGELA
We're done.

SCOTT
I don't want you to get hurt,
Angela. Please believe me. This is
about you and Lincoln's legacy. I
hate seeing Lincoln taken advantage
of even from the grave.

ANGELA
Goodbye, Scott.

Scott growls, then leaves.

Angela slams the door.

EXT. MELANIE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

A modest, brownstone apartment building.

Melanie walks up and sees a man staring at the building with his back to her.

MELANIE
May I help you?

The Man turns around. It's Scott.

SCOTT
Yes, I think you can.

EXT. BAY HOUSE/FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

Scott stands on the porch with Ryan and Cory.

RYAN
What do you want?

Scott shows a picture of him with Melanie on his cellphone.

SCOTT
She's ready to talk.

RYAN
Nothing to talk about.

SCOTT
Then I'll have Melanie talk to Angela.

RYAN
Don't you dare hurt her feelings.

SCOTT
You must have me confused. You're the one telling the lies. But, I'll talk to my lawyer about that.

CORY
Lawyer?

RYAN
About contesting?

SCOTT
About fraud. I'm contesting the will, which I'm going to win. But, bigger than that, I'm going after you two for intentionally defrauding my uncle. That means jail time.

CORY
You can't prove that.

SCOTT
Can't I? I'm taking the two of you down.

RYAN
Taking us down. Wow, I had no idea you swung that way, Scott.

CORY
A manage e trois. Kinky.

SCOTT
Laugh, if you will. But, fraud here could be five years in jail. A manage e five hundred for you two fine studs.

Scott chuckles and leaves.

CORY
That can't be true.

RYAN
What if it is? Five years.

Both stare into space.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY

Ryan paces in a secluded spot, then Melanie arrives.

RYAN
Teaming up with Scott?

MELANIE
You're lying to a lot of people.

RYAN
What do you want? Money?

MELANIE
That's your thing, not mine.

RYAN

Listen, if you're going to tell on us, then just do it, okay.

Ryan stomps off.

MELANIE

I told Scott to fuck off.

He spins around.

She walks up to him.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

Some people actually care about you, believe it or not. Even that walking fuck factory of a roommate cares about you. This is wrong, but I'm not a snitch.

RYAN

Thank you.

MELANIE

Take care.

Melanie saunters away.

Ryan sighs with relief.

EXT. BAY HOUSE/BACKYARD - DAY

Ryan finds Cory and Angela hugging. Angela in tears.

RYAN

What's going on?

Cory hands Ryan a note.

COR

A threat to hurt us if we get married?

ANGELA

Someone got right up to the front door to threaten us.

Cory hugs her close. Ryan glares at him.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Why can't people just leave us alone?

Angela runs into the house.

Ryan pushes Cory. He pushes back.

CORY
What the fuck?

RYAN
She gets a note like this and
you're hitting on her?

CORY
I wasn't hitting on her. She was
scared.

RYAN
Bullshit.

CORY
Fuck you.

RYAN
You asshole.

CORY
Stop calling me that.

RYAN
Fucking make me.

Cory grabs Ryan's shoulder and swings at him and misses.

Ryan chases after Cory, but Cory does a gymnastic summersault past him.

RYAN (CONT'D)
No fair. Stand still so I can punch
you.

CORY
Uh, no.

Ryan throws dirt at Cory.

Cory throws dirt back.

Both throw grass and dirt at each other, then fall to the ground laughing at themselves.

They stop and realize all that's happened.

CORY (CONT'D)
Someone wants to hurt us because
we're gay?

RYAN

This pretending to be gay isn't a game, Cory. Real gay people have to deal with this shit. Like Lincoln and--

Ryan remembers something.

EXT. LOCAL PARK/FOOTBRIDGE - NIGHT

Ryan stands on the bridge, skipping rocks on the water.

Bruce slow walks to Ryan.

RYAN

You taught me how to skip rocks when I was, like, four I think.

BRUCE

Around then.

RYAN

You threw me under the bus like a used shoe you got tired of. Do you know how much that hurt?

BRUCE

Ryan, if this is another bitch session.

RYAN

It's not. I think I understand a little of why you left. Being gay back then must have been difficult. Lincoln talked about how tough it was during your time.

BRUCE

Lincoln?

RYAN

Guy who left us everything. You were right. I wouldn't have accepted it then, and who knows what would have come down on me. Playing sports, it was always faggot this and faggot that. I get it now.

BRUCE

I still never should have left you or stayed away so long.

RYAN

I deserved at least an explanation
from you. I deserved at least that.
I thought it was because of me.

Bruce moves to him.

BRUCE

No, son. It was all me. Not you.

Bruce turns to go.

RYAN

I understand you now. I do. Do you
understand me?

BRUCE

I do.

RYAN

We can talk after the wedding. But,
I don't want you there, not yet.

BRUCE

Okay. See you around.

RYAN

Yeah.

Both face one another for awhile on the bridge.

INT. BAY HOUSE/MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

Cory and Kate enter the lavish master bedroom. Kate is taken
aback.

KATE

Oh, my. Very...unique.

CORY

We're changing it.

KATE

Good. I don't think I could find
Liberace curtains. If I sit on the
bed will it make noise or do
anything?

CORY

No, mom.

Kate hesitates, pats the bed to be certain, then gingerly
sits down.

EXT. BAY HOUSE/WATERSIDE PORCH - DAY

Ryan and Joseph sit and talk.

JOSEPH
My boy's quite a character. Of course, you know that.

RYAN
I do.

JOSEPH
Save the "I do" for the wedding. I guess you should call me, dad.

Ryan freezes with surprise.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)
If that's okay with you.

RYAN
I'd like that.

Joseph puts his hand on Ryan's shoulder. Ryan smiles.

INTERCUT SEQUENCE

KATE
Ryan make you happy, dear?

CORY
He's a good dude.

JOSEPH
Staying married takes effort. It starts with love, but then--

KATE
It takes work and patience. Your dad and I have been married for thirty-two years.

CORY
I've always appreciated that, mom.

KATE
It wasn't easy. It took--

JOSEPH
--understanding each other's wants and needs. And--

KATE
--listening. Really listening.

JOSEPH
And say "I'm sorry, I was a jerk"
even when you know you're right.
Women like that and--

Joseph looks at Ryan.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)
I guess gay guys, too?

They both laugh.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)
But, the most important thing, is--

KATE
No secrets, no withholding
anything. Ever. Lies and secrets
will--

JOSEPH
--destroy a marriage. You're going
to have enough to deal with as it
is. Don't work against yourself,
son.

Ryan nods agreement.

KATE
No matter what the world throws at
you. Be strong as a couple and
never forget your dad and I will
always love you, I hope you know
that.

CORY
I do, mom. I've always known that
and I always will.

Kate and Cory hug.

JOSEPH
If you ever need anything, don't
hesitate to call, son.

Ryan sits up and smiles upon hearing "son".

RYAN
I won't...Dad.

Ryan and Joseph hug.

Ryan and Cory smile at the respective parents, a sense of
calm upon their faces.

INT. BAY HOUSE/MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

Ryan and Cory stand before mirrors fully decked out in tuxedos.

RYAN
How do I look?

CORY
You shaved.

RYAN
Special day.

CORY
You look really, really great.

Angela enters, dressed in her finest attire.

ANGELA
So glad you found your true love. I wish you both decades of happiness.

She kisses them both.

EXT. BAY HOUSE/BACKYARD - DAY

Ryan and Cory step onto the back porch and take in the well--wishers to APPLAUSE.

Scott stands in the crowd sneering.

Melanie walks up to Scott who smiles with anticipation, then she slips away with a smirk. Scott's hopes dashed.

MALE GAY GUEST
Oh, my God. So beautiful. I could cry.

And he does -- loudly.

Ryan looks at Dimitri, Morgan, Walter, BJ and others that helped him.

Cory sees his parents applauding with joy.

Ryan sees Angela aglow.

IAN
Ready to get married?

MALE GAY GUEST
Yes.

Ryan takes a deep breath, then--

RYAN
No.

MALE GAY GUEST
What?

RYAN
We can't get married
because...because we're not gay.

The Male Gay Guest faints.

RYAN (CONT'D)
We pretended to be gay to get a
cheap apartment, then came the
inheritance, and then, it got outta
hand. We lied. I lied.

The crowd is frozen and quiet.

Angela runs away.

Scott beams, but Melanie frowns.

Cory looks out at everyone and looks away.

Ryan sulks back into the house.

INT. BAY HOUSE/DINING ROOM - DAY

Ryan and Cory stand before Lawrence, Morgan, Dimitri, Walter,
BJ and Ian.

RYAN
You guys knew all along?

LAWRENCE
So did Lincoln.

RYAN
What?

The entourage nods yes.

RYAN (CONT'D)
But the will.

LAWRENCE
Changes if you don't get married.
There's a second will to open now.

RYAN

Why did he go through all of this?

LAWRENCE

Lincoln wanted to make a point: To thine own self be true. He wanted to help you boys live out of the closet.

DIMITRI

And it would be a great way to force Angela to fulfill her dreams with the wedding.

MORGAN

Lincoln always liked games.

CORY

Samurai Assassins.

RYAN

So you all took us for a ride. First Ian and the gay lessons and then the rest.

They all nod "yes".

CORY

So what's the second will say?

LAWRENCE

He kept it in a separate bank vault. I can check it out in a few days.

RYAN

Does Scott know about this?

LAWRENCE

He will...Pun intended. We lawyer types can be funny, too.

DIMITRI

Let us celebrate Lincoln's last laugh with amazing food.

WALTER

And wonderful wines.

BJ

And party.

All run out to get the party going.

Ryan stops Ian and hugs him tight.

IAN
If I could only have made you play
for my team.

Both laugh and head for the party.

Ryan reaches into his pocket and finds a card.

CARD INSERT

Congratulations, Ryan! Keep being more than nice and reach
for the stars.

Love, Angela

BACK TO SCENE

Ryan sighs.

EXT. ANGELA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Angela curls up with a book by her lamp. Calm and serene.

GUITAR CHORD RIFF OUT OF TUNE.

Angela scrunches her brow, but reads on.

REPEAT BAD CHORD

Angela opens her window and finds

OUTSIDE

Ryan with his guitar.

ANGELA
What are you doing?

RYAN
Isn't that how they do it in the
movies? The hopeless romantic guy
singing a love song to the balcony
of a beautiful woman?

Ryan strums a horrible chord.

RYAN (CONT'D)
(singing badly)
A tune of how much I love you. A
ballad about beautiful Angela.

ANGELA
Stop it.

RYAN
Not until you come down.

Passersby and a few neighbors peak out of their windows.

ANGELA
Go away.

RYAN
Come down or I'll keep going.

He reaches for his guitar.

ANGELA
I'm coming down.

Angela slams her window shut.

EXT. ANGELA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Angela runs downstairs.

An ELDERLY MAN and ELDERLY WOMAN step out on their balcony and watch with sentimental joy.

ANGELA
Go away.

Ryan lifts his guitar.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
You play that damn guitar again, so help me.

RYAN
I need you. Best music I've written in years because of you. Thanks.

ANGELA
You're welcome. Go away.

RYAN
I couldn't lie anymore. Doesn't that count for something?

ANGELA
I knew you were straight.

RYAN
You, too?

ANGELA
Yeah, I was fucking with you.
Literally.

RYAN
Will you forgive me? I want you
back.

The Elderly Couple SIGH.

ANGELA
Yeah, about that. You were
experimenting about being straight
or gay.

RYAN
Yeah.

ANGELA
Well, so was I.

RYAN
Come again?

ANGELA
You were really hot and I was
curious, really curious. I love
you.

RYAN
I love you, too.

ANGELA
Don't you two have better things to
do?

The Couple shakes their heads "no".

Angela moves Ryan to the side.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
I love you as a friend. I mean you
were pretty hot in bed,
but...you're a guy.

RYAN
Uh, yeah.

ANGELA
Guys aren't my type.

RYAN
Funny. Quit fooling around.

ANGELA

I'm not.

RYAN

You lied to me.

ANGELA

You're arguing about lying?

Ryan backs away and paces.

RYAN

You were faking it in bed.

ANGELA

Speaking of familiar movie scenes.

The Elderly Woman looks at the Elderly Man and she scoots inside with her confused husband right behind her.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

You were really great and very cute. I was bi-curious and I had fun with you. But, I was curious, but I didn't buy. Sorry.

RYAN

I fell in love with you.

Angela starts to speak.

RYAN (CONT'D)

No, no. I don't want to hear the "one day you'll find the one who'll love you back" speech.

ANGELA

I was going to say someone already loves you. More than you realize. You should open your eyes.

RYAN

What are you talking about?

ANGELA

Take care, Ryan.

Angela kisses his cheek and rushes inside.

Ryan is dumbfounded.

INT. BJ'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Ryan rushes in angry, getting Cory's attention.

CORY
You okay?

RYAN
Angela's a lesbian.

CORY
She's what?

RYAN
We were chasing a girl who likes girls.

CORY
But, she slept with you.

RYAN
The experiment that was me with her, was really her with me.

Cory tries to take that in, then shakes his head to give up.

RYAN (CONT'D)
How could I be so fucking blind?

Cory grabs beers to share with Ryan and they sit side-by-side.

CORY
I'm sorry.

They CLINK beer bottles and imbibe.

INT. BJ'S APARTMENT - DAY

BJ holds up his cellphone camera, recording Ryan's speech.

Cory sits nearby with a frown.

RYAN
Hey, fans. You heard I was supposed to get married. Well, I didn't because-- because I'm not gay. It's all kinda crazy about the what and the why. I apologize for being a jerk. I was wrong and deeply sorry for what I've done. I'll take the site down soon, so peace out, beautiful people. Always be you.

BJ stops recording.

Ryan stares into space.

BJ
Wanna post it now?

CORY
Why don't you give it a little
time. Make sure it's what you want?
Ryan?

Ryan snaps out it.

RYAN
Yeah, sure.

BJ
Let me know when you want to drop
it.

BJ leaves the room.

Cory sits with Ryan.

CORY
You don't need to post that.
There's another option.

RYAN
Another one of your schemes?

CORY
No. We actually get married.

RYAN
Yeah, right.

Cory looks at Ryan.

Ryan looks on, then jumps to his feet.

Cory stands across from him.

RYAN (CONT'D)
You're serious.

CORY
I'm gay, Ryan.

RYAN
No.

CORY
Yeah.

RYAN
No way.

CORY
Fucking way.

RYAN
All this time you...why didn't you
tell me?

CORY
I couldn't. I knew you'd freak, not
liking to be around gays because of
your dad and all. So I never told
you. I wasn't sure when we met
about being gay, but, yeah...I'm...

Cory shrugs.

RYAN
I'm not gay.

CORY
I know.

RYAN
But, you were horny as fuck.

CORY
I figured if I found the right girl
it would, you know...make me feel
different.

RYAN
Have you slept with a guy?

CORY
A few times. Even in our apartment.
Some of that underwear around
wasn't my underwear, it was--

RYAN
TMI, bro.

Ryan punches Cory's shoulder with a chuckle.

RYAN (CONT'D)
You didn't need to hide it from me.
We're best friends.

CORY

I hid it from a lot of people, even me. Nothing about me says I'm gay, so I didn't believe it. I don't act gay, in fact all the stuff around being gay just seemed weird to me. The sashaying and talking weird. I love sports. Not big on Madonna.

RYAN

Dude, you actually believed that you should act a certain way to be gay?

CORY

Didn't you?

Ryan laughs at himself.

Cory grabs his coat and heads for the door.

CORY (CONT'D)

I'll find an apartment in town tomorrow and leave you alone. I'm sorry I lied to you.

Cory leaves.

Ryan rushes after him.

EXT. BJ'S APARTMENT/STREET - DAY

Ryan chases Cory down.

RYAN

Wait.

Cory stops.

RYAN (CONT'D)

I get it. Some of the shit I said about gay guys must have...I must have really hurt you. I'm sorry.

CORY

So am I. I should have told you.

RYAN

Did Lincoln know?

CORY

I told him we were both in the closet.

(MORE)

CORY (CONT'D)

That's part of why he arranged the marriage thing and the inheritance. Make us live out of the closet.

RYAN

And not hide out like he did.

CORY

Yeah. He was a game master.

RYAN

Even from the grave. We've been through a lot of shit together. We'll always be...

CORY

Buds?

RYAN

Best friends for life. Even better friends now.

They bear hug.

Passersby look on, but the guys don't care.

EXT. BAY HOUSE - DAY

Ryan and Cory, in suits, stand near the shoreline.

Cory's parents stand nearby. Cory walks up to them.

KATE

Is this the real thing, dear?

CORY

Yeah, Mom. It is.

JOSEPH

One question, son. Why didn't you tell us you were gay?

CORY

You all are the best parents in the world. I couldn't bear to let you down.

KATE

You could never let us down, honey.

JOSEPH

Never.

Scott charges in.

SCOTT
What the fuck is this? Get off my
property.

Ryan runs in.

RYAN
Our property.

SCOTT
The new will's giving this place to
me, I'm sure of it.

RYAN
The will said we get this place if
we marry.

Ian, in drag, arrives with a PASTOR.

CORY
And we're getting married.

The Pastor moves forward with his Bible.

SCOTT
This is bullshit.

PASTOR
Such language, my son.

SCOTT
You're not any kind of a fucking
priest.

All glare at Scott.

Ian gives Scott the Pastor's credentials.

Scott is flabbergasted.

Lawrence waltzes in.

PASTOR
You're the witness and legal
counsel?

LAWRENCE
Yes, but--

SCOTT
They're not gay.

CORY
Yeah, I am.

KATE/JOSEPH
Yes, he is.

SCOTT
(to Ryan)
You're gay?

RYAN
Can we get on with this?

PASTOR
Of course. We are gathered here
today--

SCOTT
No.

PASTOR
We are all, well some, gathered
here today to--

LAWRENCE
Can I talk to you guys for a
minute?

PASTOR
Can't I at least get the first
sentence out.

Lawrence waves the guys over, holds a hand up for Scott to
stay put.

TO THE SIDE

LAWRENCE
Are you guys really gay?

CORY
I am.

Lawrence turns to Ryan.

RYAN
I could do worse than marry my best
friend.

LAWRENCE
But you are straight.

RYAN
We'll figure it all out later.
We're doing this.

The guys turn to go.

LAWRENCE
You need to hear about the second
will.

EXT. BAY HOUSE - DAY

Ryan and Cory walk back to the wedding area.

SCOTT
So have we finished this bull...

Pastor clears his throat.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
Nonsense?

LAWRENCE
If no wedding, the second will
states the property is to be sold
and proceeds go to various gay
related causes Lincoln named in the
will. Ryan and Cory get a hundred
grand each. Everything else stays
the same for you. Angela gets the
same inheritance as well despite no
wedding. Here's the list.

Lawrence gives Scott the list.

RYAN
If we get married the first will
stays in effect.

CORY
We get a million dollar property
with all taxes paid.

PASTOR
Great.

SCOTT
I'm going to contest the will.

RYAN
We're not getting married.

PASTOR
God damn it.

The Pastor covers his mouth, then looks up and prays.

IAN
You're forfeiting the inheritance?

RYAN
Yeah.

CORY
You got it.

SCOTT
This property is mine.

LAWRENCE
Afraid not. If you contest the will, you'll get nothing for a long time.

RYAN
We just go back to being poor again.

CORY
We know how to do that.

RYAN
Fucking-A. Sorry, Padre.

The Pastor waves it off.

LAWRENCE
Or you just let them keep the one hundred grand Lincoln left them and leave it all alone.

SCOTT
(reading the list)
He's donating to a bunch of faggot causes.

Ian punches Scott, who drops hard to the ground.

All are stunned.

Ian straightens his wig.

IAN
Never piss off a lady.

All laugh.

EXT. BAY HOUSE/FRONT YARD - DAY

A goodbye gathering of Cory and his parents, Ryan, and Ian under a bright blue sky.

Cory hugs his dad.

JOSEPH
Love you, son.

CORY
Love you too, dad.

KATE
(to Ryan)
You take care of yourself, you hear?

RYAN
I will, Kate.

KATE
Mom.

RYAN
Mom.

Ryan hugs Kate.

JOSEPH
Tell us when you're performing, Ryan. You too, Ian.

IAN
You bet.

RYAN
I promise.

The parents hop into the car.

KATE
I hope you got the directions right this time.

JOSEPH
I always do, don't I?

KATE
No.

They drive away as all wave.

Ryan heads for the dock with his guitar.

Melanie drives up and gets out of her car.

CORY
 (to Melanie)
 He's on the dock.

Melanie heads that way.

IAN
 You called her in?

CORY
 I'm a romantic.

IAN
 Nice. So, you play for my team
 after all?

CORY
 I do.

They smile at one another and take a walk.

EXT. BAY HOUSE/WATERSIDE PORCH - DAY

Ryan plays his guitar while staring into the water.

Melanie CLEARS HER THROAT.

RYAN
 Mel? What are you doing here?

MELANIE
 I had to see the straight guy, who
 almost got married twice. Once to
 the straight guy, then the gay guy--
 who was actually the same guy.
 Could have inherited millions, but
 decided against it. And, stopped
 the first marriage because he was
 in love with the love of his life,
 a lesbian. Don't meet many of those
 guys, even in New York.

RYAN
 Mom always said I was special.

MELANIE
 My parents love real estate, and
 they are the "gotta help people if
 you can" types. They may want to
 buy this place.

RYAN
You think so?

MELANIE
I doubt it. But, I'll ask.

RYAN
It's good to see you.

MELANIE
You, too.

RYAN
Wanna hear a new song I wrote?

MELANIE
That would be nice.

Melanie sits down with a smile.

Ryan sings a fun tune. His smile has never been wider.

FADE OUT.

THE END